

Chapter 2361

'The next time I see her, I will teach her a lesson.'

...

Meanwhile, on the vast sea.

Ambrose led those Blood Shark Pirates in a thousand sailboats. They sailed fast for one day and one night. They were fortunate that the weather was good and the sea was smooth.

As night fell, Ambrose and the many pirates entered their cabins for rest. Everyone was tired after they had sailed for nearly two days.

However, Eira was careful, and she had thought ahead. She suggested that Ambrose divide the pirates into three shifts—one to maneuver the ship, one to guard the surroundings, and one to rest. Those three shifts would take turns to be on duty.

Watson stood on the deck as he watched the sea.

As night fell and the shift rotated, Watson, as a yielder, was also put on duty with the pirates.

Several powerful pirates stood beside him, and their strength was only second to the Blood Sherlock Four Sisters.

Watson seemed to be watching the surrounding sea calmly, but he was anxious on the inside.

'What do I do? Ambrose doesn't trust me. Once I returned to the mainland, he would definitely hand me to Darryl. They'll kill me if they charge me for fleeing the battle.'

However, the sea surrounded him; he had nowhere to go.

The more Watson thought about it, the more anxious he felt.

"Look, something is happening over there!"

A mighty pirate next to Watson shouted when he noticed something.

Everyone immediately turned to look in the direction, and they were on their toes. They saw a giant shark with its fins above the water's surface several hundred feet away; it swam toward the sailboats very quickly.

There was a person on the back of the giant shark, but the pirates on the sailboat could not see them clearly because of the waves.

Several of the powerful pirates got together and discussed what they saw.

"Was that Donoghue? Should we report this to the Chief?"

"It couldn't be him, right? Chief killed Donoghue's giant shark."

"I don't think it's possible either. Maybe the giant shark is just swimming with its young and leaping onto the surface to have fun. We might have been too nervous."

Watson was inexplicably excited after he heard the pirates' discussion. His mind churned for ideas quickly.

'If that's Donoghue, then there'll be a fierce battle between him and Ambrose. I can take advantage of the chaos and leave in a small boat.'

Meanwhile, with the giant shark...

Donoghue laid on the back of the giant shark; he wanted to approach the sailboats with the sea as a cover-up.

He had tamed another giant shark successfully. He had met Ambrose and Heather at the bottom of the sea, and they had wounded him seriously. He was furious because his giant shark had been killed in the fight.

After he tamed another giant shark, Donoghue learned that Ambrose had led the pirate fleet back to the mainland, so he followed behind them quietly.

Donoghue was a very cunning man. He did not stand on the back of the giant shark. Instead, he laid low to reduce his visibility. With the waves as his cover, the pirates would not be able to spot him until it was too late. The pirates would be very surprised then.

A layer of mist formed on the sea's surface, and the pirates lost sight of the giant shark.

"F*ck, I can't see it anymore!"

Those pirates dared not let down their guards. They looked at each other and discussed the countermeasures.

"What do we do?"

"Whether it is a giant shark with its young or Donoghue, we can't let our guards down."

"Shall we get onto a small boat and have a look?"

Watson went toward them quickly and joined the discussion with a serious look. "I'll go."

Watson tried to sound sincere, but he was overwhelmed with excitement and anxiousness.

He chuckled in his mind.

Watson had wanted to find a way to leave, and when the sea turned misty, it was as if heaven tried to help him. He could leave in the small as he went to investigate that suspicious threat.

Chapter 2362

"You?"

Those pirates were taken aback. They turned their astonished gazes on Watson.

If Donoghue were indeed on that giant shark's back, they would all be doomed if he got closer to them.

Even though Watson was a capable person, he was no match to Donoghue in any way.

"My fellow comrades!"

When the pirates hesitated, Watson hugged his fists and said pretentiously, "I owed my life to Young Master Darby. I have been thinking about how to return his favor for the last two days, so please let me do it."

Watson checked out the misty sea and said, "Time is ticking. Let's go check it out soon. If it were Donoghue on that giant shark, then we've got trouble ahead of us."

Mmm...

Those pirates no longer had any doubts; they nodded in agreement.

Soon, the small boat was ready. Watson leaped into it without hesitation and maneuvered it toward the misty area of the sea.

He chuckled in his mind again.

Watson might have looked calm, but he was inexplicably excited and elated.

'Those pirates are so stupid. How easy it was to trick them with just a few words.'

After he passed through the heavy mist area, Watson immediately turned around and rowed toward the far distance. He had decided that he would get past Ambrose's sight and returned to the mainland on his own.

He did not want anything to do with Donoghue and Ambrose's fight. He hoped that they would get into a deadly battle.

Swoosh!

However, just as Watson got more than 100 feet away, a huge wave rolled toward him. He was shocked; he shuddered and gasped when he had a good look at it.

The giant shark at the back of the fleet had dived underwater and suddenly appeared before his eyes.

A figure sat cross-legged on the animal.

It was the bald Donoghue, who looked handsome and cold. He had a menacing look on his face.

Donoghue wanted to take advantage of the heavy mist and went close to the pirate fleet. He saw a person get onto a boat, and so he quietly followed him.

"Watson?"

Donoghue stared at Watson and sneered, "Looks like the Tucker Cult Master also took refuge with Darryl's son and became his follower. Are you here to check me out?"

When Donoghue and Megan worked together, Watson was Megan's follower, so the two knew each other.

Donoghue spoke casually, but he carried a powerful and intimidating aura.

His strong aura was terrifying; it caused Watson to feel breathless.

Gulped!

Watson swallowed his saliva nervously when he felt Donoghue's terrifying aura. His legs went weak, and he landed on his knees on the boat. He said, "Donoghue, show me mercy, please. How dare I check up on you? Ambrose arrested me, and now I'm trying to take advantage of the mist to flee. I beg you not to take my life."

After he met Ambrose and Eira on Coral Island, Watson learned that Rama's powerful disciple was, in fact, Donoghue, who held the nine continents in awe.

Watson was frightened, and he had no courage to confront someone scary like Donoghue. The person in front of him was a ruthless person who was not afraid of Darryl.

Watson felt so helpless. All he wanted to do was to flee quietly in the thick mist, but he did not expect that he would meet Donoghue.

"You want me to spare your life?"

Donoghue smiled; then, he sneered and said jokingly, "Give me one reason why I should not kill you. I might consider it if you can convince me."

He was not loud, but he sounded resolute and firm.

Donoghue thought of Watson as a cowardly villain who feared death. He had no respect for a weakling, and killing them was as easy as crushing an ant.

Gulped!

Watson swallowed his saliva timidly; he tried to calm down. Then, he said with a smile, "I know a secret. I hope it will be enough to keep my life."

Watson sounded mysterious; he cleared his throat and continued. "You probably don't know that the kid, Ambrose, had a treasure chest from the seabed of Coral Island. That chest is related to the fate and safety of the nine continents. I heard that the treasure could control the Raksasa Tribe..." Then, Watson explained in detail about Ambrose's dive to the bottom of the sea to retrieve the treasure chest.

What?

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Donoghue's eyes lit up; the news caught his interest, and at the same time, he was even more annoyed.

He recalled running into Ambrose and Heather at the bottom of the sea and how they got into a fight where he suffered a significant loss.

It turned out that kid was there to get the treasure that Sea Mackie Clan had guarded for ages.

'How can I miss the chance to snatch that treasure now that I know about its existence?'

Donoghue thought about it, and soon he had an idea. He looked at Watson with a strange smile. "Do you think that this secret is enough to keep your life? Watson, you must think you have got a nice plan. I'll definitely kill Ambrose. I will defeat the pirate fleet and get that treasure."

Donoghue studied Watson's expression closely. "So, the secret you told is of little use to me. There's not much value in it."

"I—"

Watson panicked; his body was dripping in a cold sweat. Then, he changed his mind quickly and said, "What if I help you get that treasure chest? I can be your follower and work for you."

Donoghue sneered.

Watson felt anxious; he searched frantically for something to say. "I know you are powerful, but Ambrose has too many people with him. It is not the best strategy to attack him by force. Let me help you. Please believe me... I've always admired you, Sir. I hope you'd give me a chance to do something for you."

Watson studied Donoghue's expression in trepidation.

He was reluctant to offer his allegiance to Donoghue, but he had no choice. The man was a strong opponent. Watson was afraid he could kill him and throw him into the ocean if he did not express his loyalty.

'Well!'

Donoghue thought about it and nodded. Then, he waved his hand. "Very well, you may go."

"Thank you for your trust in me, Sir. I'll live up to your expectations." Watson bowed his head repeatedly to thank Donoghue. He finally was relieved.

Then, Watson and Donoghue came up with a plan before they rowed the boat back to the fleet via the same route.

The mist on the sea had gotten thicker.

The pirates thought that something must have happened to Watson; he had not returned for a long time. They quickly woke Ambrose and reported the situation to him.

At the same time, Eira was also alerted.

Ambrose and Eira stood on the deck as they looked at the dense mist on the sea in front of them; they frowned in silence.

"Brother..." Eira finally reacted and called out softly. "Do you think Watson made up an excuse to escape?"

Eira thought about the possibilities carefully. She knew that Watson was a fickle-minded and despicable person who had no mind of his own.

Ambrose sighed and frowned. "It is possible. He's a person who fears death, and running away is something he would do. He's probably afraid that we'd hand him to Father after we're back on the mainland, so he took the opportunity to escape..."

Ambrose clenched his fists in annoyance. "If I had known this when I was on Coral Island, I'd have killed him."

Watson was a troublemaker; he was useless alive.

"I am back!"

As Ambrose spoke, he heard a voice from the sea. Then, he saw Watson row his way back to the fleet in the small boat.

What?

Ambrose and Eira were taken aback; they were surprised.

'Watson didn't run? This is weird, isn't it?'

A few seconds later, Eira smiled and whispered to Ambrose, "It seems that we are overthinking. He probably doesn't have the guts to run."

Mmm!

Ambrose nodded silently.

Watson got on the deck and saw that Ambrose and Eira were present. He felt a little uneasy, but he acted as if nothing had happened. Then, he tried to get into Ambrose and Eira's book. "Pleasure to see you, Young Master Darby and Young Miss Darby."

"Watson."

Ambrose looked at him quietly. "I heard that there is a giant shark behind our fleet. Did you go check it out by yourself? What's going on?"

"Oh..."

Watson scratched his head and said, "I saw it, but it was only a shark. There is no threat, and it has already swam far away."

Chapter 2364

Watson continued to talk while he pretended to be terrified by the situation. "That giant shark is huge. I was very nervous when I first saw it, but I mustered my courage after thinking about the safety of our fleet and the grace of Young Master Darby for not killing me. I didn't feel scared at all, but now, my heart is pounding." He chuckled.

Mmm!

Ambrose responded faintly. It seemed like the story did not convince him. "Always be vigilant and tell me as soon as there is news."

"Yes..." Watson nodded repeatedly with a big smile on his face; he tried to please Ambrose. However, there was a crafty glint in his eyes; he was secretly relieved.

'Ambrose is young, after all. How easy it is to deceive him!'

Ambrose did not waste time with the man; he beckoned Eira to return to their separate cabins to rest.

Watson sneered as he watched the siblings go back to their cabins.

'Boy, you can only dream of returning to the mainland with the treasures!'

Time passed by slowly.

The heavy mist that hovered over the sea had dissipated gradually in the middle of the night. Nothing extraordinary happened for a while, and the pirates let their guards down. Some sat down and took a nap.

The restless Watson had snuck into Heather's cabin.

Ambrose asked Heather to guard the treasure. Therefore, the stone chest was in her cabin.

At that moment, in the cabin.

Heather laid there, but she did not fall asleep. She anticipated the moment she landed on the mainland.

The Sea Mackie Clan had guarded the Ruins Sea for thousands of years; they had never been on the nine continents for ages. Heather was the same. Since birth, she had only roamed around the Ruins Sea, so she had never seen the nine continents. However, Heather had read about it from her ancestors' records.

According to the records, the Nine Mainland was huge with mountains and rivers, vast plains, and picturesque scenery.

Heather had imagined those pictures in her heart and dreamed about them countless times, and she also dreamed that one day she would be able to go there and see it with her own eyes.

Heather was excited that her wish was about to come true, so she could not sleep.

There was a rustling noise...

Heather heard faint footsteps as they drew near, and then someone entered the cabin.

Heather sat up instantly and saw Watson tiptoed into her cabin. Suddenly, she panicked.

"You! What are you doing?"

"Ah? Princess Heather, you're not asleep yet?" Watson thought that Heather was asleep, so he panicked when he saw that she was still wide awake.

However, Watson was a cunning man. He thought of something quickly and said with a smile, "We found some other pirates just now. I was worried about the treasure chest, so I came here to have a look."

Heather replied, "If that's the case, then you may go out. I have been watching the treasure chest. There is no problem."

Heather remained vigilant while she spoke to Watson.

She was wary as she did not have a good impression of Watson, who was evil in front of her father. The man had framed Ambrose, and Heather's father gave an order that stirred a fight between the Sea Mackie Clan's elites and Ambrose.

"Alright!"

Watson responded, but he did not leave. Suddenly, he pointed at something behind Heather and exclaimed, "Be careful, Princess! Someone has broken in..."

Watson had lied to Heather; there was no one.

'What?'

Heather was a simple-minded woman and had no experience in the world of cultivators. She was startled, and she quickly looked behind her.

Whoosh!

Watson took advantage of the opportunity; he sneered and dashed forward quickly and raised his hand to seal Heather's acupoints.

Heather had powerful cultivation skills underwater, but she was like any other ordinary cultivator if she were on land. She lacked a defensive response when she faced the cunning Watson.

The sudden tap on her acupoints jolted Heather, and after that, she became immobilized.

"You!"

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Heather was shocked and furious; she glared at Watson and shouted, "What are you doing? Let go of me!"

Before she could say anything else, Watson smiled wickedly and interrupted her. "Princess Heather, I'm sorry. I have to make this move for my safety. Don't worry. I won't hurt you, for your father treated me well as a guest."

Even though Watson said that, his eyes looked at Heather lewdly.

'F*ck! Such a beautiful lady is crushing on that kid at first sight. Darryl, too. He has plenty of gorgeous women around him.'

'This father-and-son duo... Why are they so lucky?'

Watson wanted to have his way with Heather, but he resisted his urge after he thought of his plan with Donoghue.

"You're evil! Brother Ambrose would never spare you. You took advantage of his rest to snatch the treasure chest!" Heather exclaimed as her delicate body trembled.

"Hey..."

Watson was not angry at all. Instead, he smiled and said, "That kid is fortunate. To me, he is only a reckless man. Alright, Princess Heather, I won't say anything more. Let's meet again in the future."

Watson tapped on Heather's Mute Acupoint after he finished his sentence. Heather opened her mouth, but she could not say a word.

Watson did not waste any time; he mustered his internal energy and retrieved the stone chest.

When he got outside, Watson loaded the chest onto the boat that he prepared earlier. Then, he rowed his way to the fleet's rear, where he would meet with Donoghue. The man was still on a giant shark as he followed the fleet discreetly.

Soon, after dozens of meters away, Watson breathed a sigh of relief and shouted at the sea in front of him. "Sir, I've got it."

Splash!

The impatient Donoghue, who had been waiting for a long time, emerged from the sea with the giant shark.

"Quickly!"

Donoghue could not contain his excitement when he spotted the stone chest on the boat and shouted, "Throw the treasure over to me."

Watson dared not disobey Donoghue's order. He mustered his internal energy and threw the stone chest toward him.

Donoghue took it and noticed the archaic feel within the stone chest. He was delighted; he nodded and said, "Not bad!"

Watson tried to please Donoghue. "Sir, shall we leave here quickly before they find out?" Watson rowed his boat swiftly and approached the giant shark.

Donoghue had agreed to let Watson take the giant shark and leave if he managed to retrieve the treasure. The speed of the enormous shark was not comparable to that small boat, and it was also very safe. After all, few creatures in the sea were the shark's opponents.

"Watson?"

"F*ck, how dare you betray the Chief?"

Suddenly, the pirates from the fleet spotted Watson and Donoghue; they yelled angrily at the two of them. They drew the string on their bows and aimed at Watson.

Watson rowed his boat toward Donoghue. He was still some distance away from Donoghue when he noticed that he was exposed, so he shouted in a panic. "Sir, save me!"

Sigh!

Donoghue took a deep breath and left quickly with his giant shark without any hesitation; he did not even look at Watson.

He thought that a villain like Watson was not worth the risk. Anyway, he had to find a place to check the treasure within the chest. As for Watson's life and death, he did not care about that at all.

Watson was furious when he saw Donoghue had abandoned him without hesitation. His face paled.

"Fire!"

The pirates were angry. One of them yelled, and in an instant, hundreds of pirates released their arrows at the same time. The arrows zoomed like rain.

The pirates were not very powerful, but their internal energy drove the arrows like shooting stars to arrive right before Watson in an instant. The speed and momentum were astonishing.

F*ck!

Watson cursed and quickly gathered his internal energy to deploy a protective shield in front of him. However, the power of arrows from hundreds of ruthless pirates was incredible.

Chuck! Chuck! Chuck!

The thousands, or perhaps even tens of thousands of arrows, smashed his protective shield in seconds. It was too late for Watson to escape. He screamed as countless arrows pierced through his body. He died on the spot; his body looked like a hedgehog.

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Until Watson died, he probably had not realized that Donoghue was a cruel and arrogant man. How could he possibly be willing to take Watson with him?

"What's going on?"

Ambrose and Eira, who were alarmed by the noise, quickly rushed out of the cabin.

Ambrose frowned, and his face darkened when he noticed the chaos.

"Chief, Watson made a secret deal with Donoghue to steal the treasure," the pirate next to Ambrose said hurriedly.

'What?'

Ambrose was shocked to hear that, and he blew his top. He quickly looked at the sea in front of him and was stunned.

Watson had been shot to death on a boat by random arrows, and somewhere even further was a giant shark with a figure headed into the far distance.

Donoghue!

Donoghue laid on the back of the giant shark with a huge stone chest in his hands.

"How did that happen?"

Eira was so angry that she stomped her feet. "That Watson is too awful. We spared his life on Coral Island, yet he was not grateful. He went forth with his ill intention and colluded with Donoghue..."

Ambrose had an ugly expression on his face. He glanced at Watson's corpse and said coldly, "Such a despicable villain deserves to die under a rain of arrows. Sister, you and the Blood Sherlock Four Sisters can look after the fleet while I chase after Donoghue."

Ambrose summoned the Tyrant Hammer and gripped it tightly in his hand as his internal energy propelled him into the air and after Donoghue.

"Brother."

Eira shouted at Ambrose with a piece of advice. "Brother, don't be impulsive! Donoghue is very cunning. Don't put yourself at risk by going after him on your own."

Donoghue was vicious and merciless. Even though Ambrose was also a powerful man, he was no match for Donoghue. How could Eira watch him take that risk?

"But that treasure is something that the Sea Mackie Clan has guarded for thousands of years. To lose it—" Halfway through his sentence, Ambrose thought of something. He looked at Eira in horror as his expression changed.

Heather was supposed to guard the treasure, and if Donoghue had stolen the treasure...

'Heather!'

Ambrose did not hesitate. He turned and rushed toward Heather's cabin.

"Heather! Heather, are you okay?"

Ambrose had been attracted to Heather after their first meeting. He was distraught by the mere thought that she was in danger.

'Heather, please be okay.'

Eira bit her lips. She was also very worried about the other girl; she followed Ambrose closely.

When they rushed into the cabin, the siblings were relieved to see the scene in front of them.

They realized that Heather's acupoints had been sealed; she was unable to move. However, her clothes were neatly in place; nothing indicated that she had been violated. However, she looked pale and angry.

Heather's eyes flashed joyfully when she spotted the siblings.

Tap...

Ambrose walked forward quickly and raised his hand to release Heather's acupoints. Then, he said softly, "It's okay, Heather. Nothing will happen to you."

"Brother Ambrose!"

Heather was emotionally overwhelmed; she threw herself into Ambrose's arms and said softly, "I was so scared just now. Watson broke into my cabin and said that he wanted to guard the treasure chest for me, but he attacked me and took the treasure chest away."

Ambrose comforted Heather gently. "Don't be afraid. That evil man has been shot to death by arrows."

Phew!

Heather breathed a sigh of relief and patted her chest. "That's good."

Heather looked at Ambrose closely; she was very anxious. "Did you manage to get back the treasure?"

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Ambrose looked sad; he bowed his head in shame and said, "Watson and Donoghue had plotted that together. Watson gave the treasure chest to Donoghue, and Donoghue had left very quickly."

'What?'

Heather trembled; she was utterly stunned.

A few seconds later, Heather cried, "That is the treasure my people have guarded for thousands of years. And now it's missing. How can I explain it to my father, and how can I explain it to the people..."

Heather felt angry and sad when she said that. Her tears could not stop.

Ambrose was in distress; he held Heather in his arms and comforted her. "Don't worry, I will bring the treasure back, and I will never let Donoghue use it for his evil plans."

His tone was firm and unquestionable.

Heather was moved to hear that assurance. She leaned against Ambrose's arms and said, "Thank you, Brother Ambrose."

For a while, the two of them held each other quietly in an embrace. The atmosphere changed a little.

Pfft!

Finally, Eira chuckled. "You guys continued with your chat; I'm heading out."

Eira was pleased to see his brother and Heather progressed so fast in their relationship. As a younger sister, she would give them space.

Heather's delicate face blushed when she realized that she was holding Ambrose so tightly. She felt ashamed; she wanted to find a place to hide.

Ambrose also blushed. He was embarrassed, and he said, "Sister, stop making fun of us."

He kept his gaze on Heather.

Heather looked gorgeous when he saw her at such a close distance. She was magnificent.

Heather felt even more embarrassed.

...

Meanwhile, at the Raksasa camp at the foot of the Chaotic Mountain Range...

Darryl's appearance had shocked the Raksasa Army, especially his terrifying strength. Finally, under Alaric's command, the Raksasa Army managed to retreat and set up their camp more than ten kilometers away.

The Raksasa camp was enormous; the tents were densely packed. There were more than ten thousand tents altogether, and from a distance, the army looked grand. The Raksasa Army had a million soldiers; they had lost less than ten percent of their strength in the fierce battle with the nine continents.

Alaric was very cautious; he sent many soldiers to patrol the camp area to guard against any sudden attack from their opponent. The entire campsite was heavily guarded, with one sentry post at every few steps.

The Raksasa Tribe had lived in the wilderness for generations, they had an unrestrained temperament, and they were carefree. They were not usually that cautious. However, Alaric had been influenced by Debra and Shentel; that was why he adopted the defensive measures commonly used by the Nine Mainland.

Night fell, and the entire camp was shrouded in darkness.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a cold figure flew from a distance and landed steadily in the dark southwest corner of the camp.

That person had distinctive facial features, and there was a hint of anxiety between their eyebrows. It was Darryl!

He disguised himself as a gorgeous and sexy woman.

Darryl was a little nervous but also a little excited!

He had seen Debra and Shentel among the crowd when the Raksasa Army retreated during the daytime. He was very emotional at that moment, and he wanted to catch up with the two women immediately. However, he held back.

After that, Darryl led his people back to the camp and put up a strict defensive measure. Then, he had left to look for Debra and Shentel.

Darryl had many female companions over the years, but he felt most sorry for Debra for the past two years. She had lost her memory because of him, and then it seemed like she had been trapped with the Raksasa Tribe. Darryl was heartbroken.

He had decided to rescue both the women that very night; he wanted to take advantage of the darkness of the night. At the same time, he would investigate the situation at the Raksasa camp.

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"What?!"

"Who's there? How dare you break into the campsite?"

"Catch him!"

Even though Darryl was well disguised and had acted very discreetly, the Raksasa campsite was too heavily guarded. Before he even had time to observe the environment, a group of soldiers on patrol approached the area, and they immediately discovered Darryl.

The soldiers could feel the aura permeated from Darryl's body. It had been deliberately suppressed; the Raksasa soldiers felt it nonetheless!

Darryl felt helpless when he was exposed. At the same time, he was indescribably shocked.

'I have hidden my strength; how did these soldiers feel my presence?'

Darryl did not know that the Raksasa Tribe's cultivation method was vastly different from that of the Nine Mainland. In addition, the Raksasa Tribe lived in a harsh environment—the wilderness. They had to fight wild beasts frequently, and therefore, their senses were very sharp.

Phew!

Darryl took a deep breath and tried to calm himself as he looked at the dozens of Raksasa soldiers that had gathered in front of him.

"Dear warriors, don't get overly alarmed. I'm not here to attack the camp," Darryl said with a smile. Then, he continued to speak slowly with a seemingly harmless look. "I'm here to make peace. I hope you can lead the way and bring me to see your chief or the commander-in-chief?"

'What? He wants to make peace?'

The Raksasa soldiers in front of Darryl quickly, and they were surprised to spot Darryl.

'Didn't he kill the Gigantic Monster easily during the battle in the day? That was the reason Alaric ordered the army to retreat. And he's now here to say that he wants to make peace?'

"You... Are you Darryl?"

"You've killed so many of us during the day, and now you've snuck into our camp and claimed that you're here to make peace, and you even want to meet the Honorable Son? Do you think we will believe that?"

"Yes, this person must be lying!"

More than a dozen Raksasa soldiers gave their opinion one after another. At the same time, they looked suspiciously at Darryl, their faces in disbelief.

Ugh!

Darryl sighed and said thoughtfully, "If I were to make a surprise attack, why would I come alone? I am serious. The Raksasa Tribe has been exiled for thousands of years, and you have suffered so much. So we decided to give the most fertile land in the Nine Mainland to all of you."

Darryl smiled as he said that; his eyes flashed cunningly.

He wanted to deceive those Raksasa soldiers.

He could have handled them if he were to attack them. After all, those Raksasa soldiers were no match to Darryl.

However, had he acted rashly, it would be impossible to guarantee that he would not disturb the other people in the camp. It would be so much harder to rescue Debra and Shentel if he were to mess the situation up.

Err...

Those Raksasa soldiers looked at each other with doubts when they saw Darryl's sincerity.

The Raksasa Tribe was simple-minded; they thought that Darryl would not lie to them.

After all, although Darryl was a formidable opponent, he was alone. It was impossible for him to cause any trouble single-handedly.

"Alright!"

Finally, the captain said coldly to Darryl, "In this case, let's take him to see the Honorable Son. Come with us, don't wander around. Otherwise, don't blame us for acting harshly."

Darryl smiled, nodded, and said, "Don't worry, I will never wander around."

Darryl walked toward the soldiers slowly.

Tap... Tap...

He reached out at lighting speed and stunned the captain with a palm attack. He had also sealed the acupoints of the several soldiers next to him simultaneously.